

REMINISCENCES
OF
GREENWICH

BY

BESSIE AYARS ANDREWS

AUTHOR OF

"HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF GREENWICH IN OLD CONHANSEY"

"COLONIAL AND OLD HOUSES OF GREENWICH"

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR

VINELAND, NEW JERSEY

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PREFACE

Having published "Historical Sketches of Greenwich" and "Colonial and Old Houses," I add to my contributions and compilations my "Reminiscences of Greenwich," presenting forgotten pictures of men and things that were in actuality about fifty years ago and many years previous. I also add old authentic history taken from books written early in the eighteenth century that are rarely seen at the present time, regarding the Indians of South Jersey.

I trust this little work may be of interest and information to the living present and receive the same appreciation as my former books.

BESSIE AYARS ANDREWS

Vineland, New Jersey

December, 1910

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*Old mem'ries linger with us
From childhood's sunny day,
When life was in its morning
And all its hours were play.
We lift the veil that others
May know the past again,
While cannons loud were booming
Within our borders then.
From old and time worn pages,
By reading o'er and o'er,
We've added to our memories
Some history of yore.*

CHAPTER I.

Reminiscences of Greenwich.

A half century ago my father's shop stood a few rods east of our home in old Historic Greenwich. It was a large two-story building, with an attic, having sheds and low buildings attached to it. The first floor was the wheelwright shop, where were six benches with a vise attachment; a workman or an apprentice at every bench. The music of saw and plane and stroke of hammer was heard every day during working hours, and the new shaven wood gave out as delicate and sweet an odor as new mown hay. The ground floor was carpeted with wood shavings, which were carried out for fire kindlings.

The exterior of the building retained its color of natural wood, darkened by the passing years of time. In the interior the workmen had tested their paint brushes on the doors and window sills, giving them an oriental dash of color. On the west end was an enclosed shed, and upon its flat roof the heavy crane in front of the building would swing the vehicle up too, or down from, as occasion demanded. On the roof of this shed stood a ladder, the only way of access to the attic,

which contained relics of the past; such as spinning and carding wheels, looms and other things that had outlived their day of usefulness.

The second floor was where the carriage body was painted. There were small drawers on the north side of this room that contained material for the mixture of paint; such as Prussian and indigo blue, Spanish brown, yellow ochre and other pigments. The second room on this floor contained leather and trimmings and everything that pertained to the finishing of the carriage; there was a bench with a vise, a saddler's bench, a hanging desk and chests of material; this room we children gathered for play. There were six windows, from which were fine landscape views. In front was a hill with a stone quarry at its summit, with seemingly an inexhaustible supply of free stone, as they were mostly carting away and digging out new perches.

Just west of the quarry was an old burying ground, where the colored people of Springtown buried their dead. If we children, could catch a view of a procession slowly winding up the hill from this shop room window our play was suspended, a quick exit made and a hasty run up the hill, by the quarry, to stand by the fence to observe the closing scene of their obsequies. After they had assembled around the open grave, the leader would line a couplet of a hymn, then the mourners would sing the lines with their musical voices in sad pathetic minor strains until all the sad rites were performed. There was a very old church in this burial ground in 1830, remem-

bered by the oldest residents that were living fifty years ago, and was known by the name of Ambury Hill.

From the same windows could be seen the roof of our Alma Mater, above the hawthorne hedges that bordered the road on either side. Previous to 1850 the children of the head of Greenwich and the surrounding locality attended school at the stone school house on the main street. About that time a new district was formed and a school house erected in close proximity to our home. The first teachers in this building later filled positions of usefulness in the larger walks of life. The first teacher that taught in the new building is said to be Jacob Flannigan. The first one in the writer's remembrance was Rev. Lewis Githens, who became an Episcopal rector of much note. The teacher to whom the writer commenced regular attendance was Miss Sophia Tomlinson, who became a physician, practising many years in Providence, Rhode Island, and having retired from active service, resides in the village of Shiloh, New Jersey. Another teacher was Miss Maria Probasco, who became the wife of Prof. Tustin, of Bucknell University, Pennsylvania. The building was a low structure, destroyed by fire about twenty-five years ago. A larger school house has been erected on the old site.

From the sunrise or east windows of this shop room we had a fine view of the pine-clad summit of Mount Gibbon or Pine Mount, the name known at the present time. This hill is the highest elevation in Greenwich township; it contained so many attractive features, which often lured us thitherward not

only for its beautiful flora that nature had spread with a lavish hand on hillside, by roadside and all through the woodland, but there was the delightful climb through the shrubbery and trees to the summit, where were scattered light beds of velvety moss, in which the young people of Greenwich carved their initials, then filled the letters with fairest white pebbles that could be gathered in abundance on the hilltop.

The changing seasons were ever developing new attractions. The blueberry grew on the hillside. The teaberry at the foot of the hill near the stream, and the wild grape in the thicket. At the fruitage time the oak tree began to fling beautiful shapely acorns o'er the hilltop, and the chestnut tree opened its prickly burr and dropped the toothsome nuts for the gatherer. The frosts of Autumn changed the foliage of many of the trees to hues of beauty, and the hill was gorgeous with bright colors. In the winter months there were still attractions to the hillside, for nature had hung her lichens on every broken bough along the roadside that wound around the hill, and grown her light-green airy mosses in soft touches of beauty everywhere, and the berry of the holly tree had changed its color to the scarlet of the redbird that trilled his song in the leafless branches of the tall trees just above it. When the note of the summer bird is silent, having migrated to a southern clime, the cardinal bird is seen through the winter months in the woodland and along the stream. A part of his song is a perfect musical trill; when he sang the loudest in the treetops, some of the weather wise said his singing was

a harbinger of a great storm; they were trapped by some of the residents who lived along the stream and readily sold, because of their gay plumage. The evergreen pine, cedar and laurel seemed to take on a brighter, deeper green in the cold weather, and by searching in hidden places we found the trailing ground pine had curled its pretty wreath beneath our feet.

By brushing away the sere leaf on the hillside we found a sure prophecy of spring, for there was the *Arbutus* plant, and the life that maketh all things new had been silently forming a cluster of buds in the centre of the plant, waiting for the spring sun to develop its waxen cup in roseate beauty. The view from the summit of the hill through the leafless trees was extensive; the varied scenery of rolling farms, bordered on the south and west by the Cohansey and Delaware rivers. We often saw the stately shipping of the Delaware if atmospheric conditions were favorable. This river the Indians honored with the name Lennape-Whittuk, or the stream of the Lennape. The Lenni Lennapes, or first people as they named themselves, were later known as the Delawares. They were said to be most influential and peaceable tribes. The Indians through New England and Middle States were originally from the great tribe of Algonquins which were first known in Canada.

The Dutch called the Delaware river the South or Zuydt river. While the Swedish star was in ascendancy it was known as the Swedeland stream. The Swedes under

Menewe in 1638 built the fort and town of Christiana, near where Wilmington now stands and laid the foundation of the empire of New Sweden. The bay the Indians called Poutaxit, the Dutch Zuydt Bay, and the English Delaware. When we looked above us from the hilltop there was the boundless canopy of blue with the white clouds drifting over.

“Beauty chased we everywhere
On hill by stream in clouds of air.”

Emerson speaking of the goddess of beauty says:

“All that’s great and good with thee
Works in close conspiracy.
Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there.
And the ripple in rhymes the oar forsake.”

CHAPTER II.

There were two ways of going to the hill from the shop. One was by the public highway until we were nearly opposite, then enter a road that led directly to it. The other was across the fields and the old mill stream; then linger a while at the crossing to watch sparkle and gleam of the water, and listen to the rippings and low murmurings in its flowing and onward course; many lessons of life we learned from this flowing stream; it was simply obeying a law of the universe, and its destiny was the great throbbing sea, which is ever drawing its water from the hillside springs; by its ceaseless activity day and night it was unconsciously saying to us, Oh! how I love thy law; by obeying the law was scattering blessings everywhere. If frozen over in the coldest weather, it was a thin crust easily broken, and clear flowing water was beneath for man, beast and bird, when all other water supplies were congealed beyond using. In its constant flow it irrigated and freshened its borders and meadows so they were covered with living verdure from early Spring until Autumn's frosts. Shrubbery and gay flowers of many varieties beautified its

banks, from the small modest Quaker lady or violet to the flaming spiked Cardinal flower. In low places near the crossing where the overflowing water made small pools the "Nymphaea odorata" or pond lily grew and floated its round leaf and budded; and when the rays of the June sun fell directly upon the plant, the bud opened the double white star lily, which is noted and loved for its rare beauty and fragrance.

At the crossing of this stream we could see Grandmother Keen's house near the bridge, whom we often visited. She gave us children star, diamond and cross-shaped cookies; and when our mother informed us she had voted for the president of the United States when a young woman, our admiration of her was very great, for she was the only woman that we ever knew that had voted for the chief magistrate. We had heard of others; our mother told us the women of New Jersey voted in the early days of the state, she said her mother had voted, and told us how very proud her grandfather was of his daughters when election day came, for they went with him to the polls and cast their vote. His name was James Sheppard. He was a large land owner and farmer in Hopewell. He was a deacon in the Cohansey Church. He was born December 25, 1752. He died June 3, 1825, and was buried at Roadstown. He was the son of Ephraim and Sarah Dennis Sheppard, who were buried at the old Cohansey burying ground near Sheppard's Mills. James Sheppard lived in his father's homestead for many years. (The property was

recently owned by the late Robert Ware.) He had two sons and seven daughters, most of them lived to maturity. The names of the girls were Hannah, Rachel, Prudence, Mary, Rebecca, Phoebe and Hope. Hannah married Daniel Moore Rachel married James Sayre, who was wounded at the massacre at Hancock's bridge in 1778. Phoebe married Wade Barker. Hope married Reul Sayre and moved to Ohio. Rebecca married Enos Reed. Prudence was our grandmother and Mary our step grandmother; these women voters of the past have left many descendants. After learning the history of the past we wondered why intelligent women couldn't vote at the present time and why or who changed the laws. There is a town in West Jersey where a number of the business blocks and many of the homes are owned by women, and they can never lift a voice or vote regarding municipal affairs, and any man who has been registered a certain time, no matter of what nationality or how illiterate or unqualified, and without property can use the franchise, just the same principle that caused the revolt from the mother country. Isn't it taxation without representation.

In an old communication of an aged gentleman to a friend, he informs him that in 1804 he voted in Hunterdon County for Thomas Jefferson for President, and at the election negro men and women, as well as white men and women, over twenty-one years of age, voted. He was of the opinion that the law was in operation until the year 1817.

At the adoption of the Constitution in 1776, Section 4,

the law reads :

“That all inhabitants of this colony of full age, who are worth fifty pounds, proclamation money, clear estate in the same, and have resided within the county in which they claim a vote for twelve months immediately preceding the election, shall be entitled to vote for representatives in council and assembly; and also for all other public officers that shall be elected by the people of the county at large.”

CHAPTER III.

Very near Grandmother Keen's house, along the wayside, stood Mary Bowen's home and candy store. Her jars of mint sticks and sour balls looked very tempting to children, and our pennies were often exchanged for them. This building was a low two-story structure; the entrance from the street. Miss Bowen was a faithful member of the old church, which was only a few steps from her home, where her ancestors worshipped; and down to old age, on the Sabbath morning, she was seen in her accustomed pew, with bowed head, receiving the message that was proclaimed from its sacred desk. Just across the stream nearly surrounded by beautiful weeping willow trees, with trunks two or three feet in diameter, stood our Uncle's thriving industry, another center of much activity sixty years ago. Young men were apprenticed here and became skilled machinists and blacksmiths; if they served their full time they then went out into the great world with the assurance of a good future living, and sometimes a fortune, if they put their acquired knowledge to practical use. A part of this shop is still standing, but

the old house has vanished from the scene and another stands on the same site. The stone part of the house was thought to have been built contemporary with the grist mill, which stood very near it in the days of the colonies; the stream being the mill's motive power. This old home was ideal for room convenience and comfort, being two distinct two-story houses joined together; a few steps on the first floor leading to the highest house and a winding staircase leading to the second stories. The higher part was nearer the roadside and the entrance was by an old-time porch, with wide spreading arms and seats, which were always inviting to the weary. In the rear of the stone part was the old-time kitchen, with its oven and brick floor. When this building was taken down its century-old timbers, bolts, nails and hinges were considered very curious compared with modern inventions. These houses and nearly all of the occupants, like the huge weeping willows that partly overshadowed them, have passed into oblivion, and only live in our memories. The weeping willow was brought to this country by the English to beautify the Colonies. Between the stream and the hill was the Indian field; whenever we crossed it, if we cared to look for them, we could find arrow points, broken pottery, and sometimes stone implements; if we crossed after the plow-share had turned the furrow a new lot of them would be revealed to our searching eyes. Some of the arrow points were in a perfect condition and many were broken. They were mostly of quartz; some of them translucent, others of

black, red and brown jasper; and some were made of marl rock found in that locality.

It is very evident that only a few centuries ago, by the fragments of pottery, that some of the wigwams of the tribe of the Siconesses were located in that field, and at dewy morn, noontide glare and dusky eve they dipped their wooden and pottery utensils in the stream and drank of its living water. The fragments of pottery that have been found in this field plainly show their crude attempts in decorative art, some of the decorations have evidently been done with a sharp stick, making longer and shorter marks in the soft clay; other fragments have dots made in uniformity, while some bear the impression of a corncob.

“The wigwams in West Jersey were mostly roofed with chestnut bark, and sewed together with string slit from maize stalks. They were close and warm, and no rain could penetrate them. The mats enclosing the sides were made of corn leaves. Stretched on the ground upon strewn leaves they ate their food, and slept upon the earth in the same manner.” Once a year, at the gathering of the maize crop, they held semi-religious and semi-social festivals, to which all were free to attend who could pay a small sum of wampum. The value of wampum was regulated by its color. In New Sweden, a white bead was worth the sixth of a stiver, which was a Dutch coin worth two cents; a red one a third of a stiver, and a brown one still more. In wholesale transactions a fathom of wampum passed current for five Dutch guilders.

A guilder was the monetary unit of Holland and worth about forty cents. Their mode of testing the standard of wampum was to rub the beads upon their noses, if perfectly smooth they were considered good. It was their custom to carry a string of wampum about their necks.

We quote from William Penn, who attended one of their festivals, where they served up twenty bucks with hot cakes compounded of new corn and wheat and beans. After eating, on such occasions, it was their custom to engage in dancing.

It has been said that the gospel of Judea and the gospel of the true Quaker is the same. William Penn, who believed in human brotherhood, which means the commonwealth of man, and brings peace to all lands, said to the sachems of the Delawares and all Indians: "We are brothers." And in making treaties and all other transactions he had with them was done in kindness and justice.

In mingling with them he observed their customs closely. He says on public occasion, "The King sits in the middle of the half moon and hath his council, the old men and wise on each hand, and behind them, at a little distance, sits the younger fry in the same figure. If the business on hand was making a treaty, each orator stood up before the opposite King and closed every period with a present of wampum, to be retained as a perpetual memorial of his stipulations. After the terms were settled upon the whole treaty was confirmed by passing around the calumet, which each one present took

a whiff out of." Their religion, they believed in Horitt Manitto, to whom they ascribed all perfection, but took no concern in the common affairs of this world, nor does he meddle with the same, but has ordered the devil to take care of such matters. The Devil, or Manunckus Manitto, the deprecation of whose wrath was the main object of their worship; they began to believe in later days were made only for the white people, of which doctrine they highly approved. This evil spirit, according to their belief, inflicted all the harm in which he was capable in life. "To safer worlds in depths of woods embraced they hoped all Indians were suffered after death to go, while the wicked portion was kept at a distance and only allowed to look upon the pleasures the others enjoyed." It is said the West Jersey tribes endeavored to conceal their devil adoration as much as possible from the white people; but Penn says their worship consisted of two parts: sacrifice and canticle. Their sacrifice is the first fruits; the first and fattest buck they kill goes to the fire, where he is burned up with a mournful ditty of him who performs the ceremony, with marvelous fervency and labor of body, sweating to a foam. They broke no bones of the animals they ate, but gathered them up and buried them in a heap; and in the past have been frequently plowed up. The cantico was performed by round dances, sometimes words, sometimes songs, and sometimes shouts; two being in the middle that began the performance by singing and drumming on a board, directing the chorus. These postures

in the dance were very antic, but with great appearance of joy and gladness. "They scorned at the forms of Christian worship and laughed at the idea of heaven, where men were neither to eat or drink, but politeness restrained them from insulting the missionaries who told them of miracles. Yet Engineer Lindstrom has recorded a legend prevalent among the Delawares which seems to prove conclusively that they had heard of the Messiah long before the Columbian discovery, which has led some to believe they were the lost tribes of Israel."

CHAPTER IV.

The Lenni Lennapes, or Delawares, were divided into tribes; each tribe held a tract of land between the creeks or tributaries of the Delaware; and it is said they had as perfect a title, as to their very duffles they wore; each tribe having a ruling king. Robert Evelyn, one of the early explorers on the east bank of the river, informs us that the king of the Siconesses dwelt along the Cohansey. The most ancient historian who has written anything definite regarding the east bank of the Delaware is John DeLaet, a native of Antwerp, but a resident of Leyden. He was a very learned man, and said to be more accurate than any of his successors who undertook to enumerate the Indian tribes of West Jersey. He read and studied all the manuscript journals of the early explorers, Hendrick Hudson, Adrien Block and Captain May (whose name ever lives in Cape May), and was intimately acquainted with Captain DeVries. He was an enthusiastic student in the new fields of science the discovery of America had opened to the savants of Europe. He wrote a book entitled "The New World." It was first published in Dutch

from the famous press Elezevirs, in Leyden, in the year 1625, and it contained very accurate information concerning the South or Delaware River. In 1633, soon after the visit of Captain DeVries to Holland, a new edition was published at the same press in Latin, which contained much new matter collected by subsequent traders to Fort Nassau, with a map entitled "Novia Anglia Novum Belgium et Virginia," which translated reads, "New England, New Belgium and Virginia." This chart is said to be the first of the Delaware now extant. The eleventh and twelfth chapters of the third book contain a description of the Indian tribes from Cape May to the Falls of Trenton. DeLaet died in 1649, having enjoyed the pleasure of seeing his "New World" acquire a high reputation among readers of three languages. From DeLaet we learn along the Maurice River the Sewaposes dwelt. Just above the outlet of the Delaware, on the right, about Cohansey, lived the Siconesses; the Naraticons upon the Raccoon; the Manteses on Mantua Creek; the Armenesmes on Timber Creek. Farther up the river he mentions the Maerokongs, the Amarrongs, Rancocas, Mingnosees, Atzions, Matikongees, and Sanhigans. All of these resided between Timber Creek and the Falls of Trenton, in the order the careful DeLaet has named them. The translation of the part relating to the New Netherlands has been published in the first volume of the new series of the New York "Historical Collections."

Master Robert Evelyn for several years resided along the Delaware, and he mentions the same clans and their number

of warriors.

On the 23d of September, 1633, Capt. Thomas Young, gentleman, received a special commission from the King of England to organize an expedition to explore in America. This expedition sailed in the spring of 1634, and with it came Master Robert Evelyn, Captain Young's nephew, as lieutenant. In 1641, in England, which was the fifth decade of the seventeenth century, Evelyn published a card describing the valley of the Delaware as a fine place, where he had been stationed for four years, trading and exploring in safety. He says, "I do account all the Indians to be 800 on the eastern bank of the Delaware." He mentions the Keckemeches, a tribe in Cape May who mustered fifty bowmen. He says, "Twelve leagues higher, a little above the bay and bar, is the river Manteses, which has twenty miles on Charles River, and thirty miles running up a deep fair navigable river, all a flat level of rich black marsh mold, which I think to be 300,000 acres. The king of Manteses had a hundred bowmen. Next above, six leagues higher, is a fair deep river twelve miles navigable, where is free stone; and there over against is the king of the Siconesses. On the Pensaukin lived Erinoneck, the king of forty men. Five miles above, on the stream still bearing the name of its first master, dwelt the King of Rancock, with a hundred men, and four miles higher, about the site of Burlington, was the king of Axiom, with two hundred men. The last tribe were more numerous than any others, and extended from Assimunk to Mulica River;

one of the branches still retains the name of Atzion."

We are greatly indebted to the Indians for the euphonious names they have given to mountains, rivers, and many places in this fair land of ours. These names all had a meaning to them. Something in or about the locality suggested the name—very much as the plantation melodies in the cotton fields of the Southland were never composed but sprang up among them—the musician copying the note from the melody by ear. The Cohansey River still bears the Indian name, which borders a portion of Greenwich township. A stream having its rise on what is known as the Tomlinson farm, near Roadstown, flowing through Greenwich township into Newport Creek, which empties into Stow Creek River, bears the melodious Indian name of Mackanippa.

The sweet word *anna* was mother in the Indian dialect. *Matta* meaning no; *hatta*, to have; *matta ne hiatta* meaning I have not.

The oft persecuted and imprisoned William Penn, in England, whose name in America is immortal, and whose authenticity no one doubts regarding the Indians, for he came not to America with clanging arms as a conquering hero; avarice, ambition or conquest were not his motives; but expresses his desire in his charter when he says, "To reduce the savage nations by just and gentle manners, to the love of civil societies and the Christian religion." So he came panoplied with the armor of God, having on the breastplate of righteousness, and his feet shod with the gospel of peace.

He knew no fear, for his creed was love, and the Indians loved him in return, never once breaking their covenant with the great Father Onas, and they perpetuated his memory by giving the name of Onas to the succeeding governors of his province.

To-day Penn's statue crowns the apex of the Public Buildings of his Philadelphia in a standing posture of such high altitude as if overlooking the city, New Jersey and the province of Pennsylvania, in which he made that wonderful treaty with the Indians which has no parallel in our country. It is still happily preserved and can be seen in the Historical Society of Philadelphia :

“He tells us the language of the Lenni Lennapies was lofty and sententious, one word serving for three spoken in English, and that no tongue in Europe could surpass it in melody and grandeur of accent and emphasis.”

“Can the memory of the redman
Forever pass away,
When his names of beauty linger
On mount and stream and bay.”

CHAPTER V.

We children could easily step out of the sunrise windows of this shop room onto the roof of the lathe. This roof was a charming place in summer to retire and rest and watch the birds as they flitted from tree to tree in the apple orchard, and listen to their joyous songs. If we could go there at sunrise we heard the grand anthem of the morning—it has been called—when all the songsters seem to unite in one grand chorus of praise as the glorious sun appears in the eastern sky. This quiet, restful place was sometimes used by the workmen to retire and partake of their noontide lunch.

Beneath this roof was a round beaten path that Prince horse had worn in turning the machinery of the lathe, which was connected to our father's bench, where he did his turning. The lathe machinery was also connected with the tumbler house. This huge tumbler was made with iron heads and heavy wooden staves: it was filled with iron castings; its revolutions causing attrition, which cleaned the castings. The warbling wren and the Phebe or Peewee birds selected the rafters and eaves of the lathe for their spring housekeeping, and their songs were continuous in nesting time.

Beyond the lathe was the iron foundry, a long, low building, where you would find a skilled workman preparing his flasks for the weekly casting. In the south end of the building was the furnace, where metals were melted for casting. The energy for blasting this furnace was two horsepower. It was not known to man at this period that electricity could be captured and harnessed and made to be a motive power. This iron foundry was built long before there was any in Bridgeton, and the castings were used in the early glass factories there, and many of them were taken to the state of Delaware.

When the weekly molding took place the roar of the furnace could be heard at a distance, and the children, and sometimes the adults of the vicinity, came to witness the hot molten metal poured in the flasks. Just outside of the door were quantities of old iron to be transformed into the new castings by the melting process. In the midst of this accumulated debris of stoves, kettles and iron utensils stood the horsepower. Between the apple orchard and wheelwright shop stood huge piles of lumber. A solitary rosebush stood near one of the shop windows and every springtime blossomed in fragrance and beauty, and were the first roses that graced the school teacher's desk from our home.

In front of the shop were two *Alianthus* trees, with large trunks and wide spreading boughs that made delightful shade in the hot summer days. The lawn in front was usually covered with horsepowers, threshing machines, clover-hullers,

wagons, and other wooden things waiting for repairs. The wheelwright shop was a very busy place. The woodwork to carriages, wagons, plows, harrows, threshing machines, clover-hullers, corn-shellers, and wheelbarrows were all made there.

When an apprentice had served his full time he was fully trained to make and put together the whole wagon or machine—not certain parts, as is made in manufactories at the present period—dovetailing was a specialty. We children, with our playmates, loved to gather in this shop, and often listened to the merry jokes of the workmen, above the noise of the hammer, saw or plane, as they labored, transforming the heavy plank into the desired wheel, axle or other article. The village loungeur was usually there imparting the latest news. The farmer was often there waiting for repairs to be made on his wagon, plow or machine; sometimes coming long distances and dining at our home. One man that daily lounged about the shop frequently borrowed money from some of the workmen. He was very slow in paying his debts, making many promises. One day he told his debtor he would remit the next day, if he was living. He manifested much surprise, after a prolonged absence, to find a notice of his sudden demise tacked high in the building, where all could read it as they entered. It was said it cured him of his delinquency.

Another man that frequented the shops had a custom, in his money dealings, to be about three cents short with change,

hoping thereby not to pay the full price. Having played his trick on one of the workmen, he was greeted by this salutation: "Here comes the man that owes me a three-cent piece." He finally paid the money in order to enter the shop without hearing this aggravating reminder of his sin of omission. Another man of the village had the habit of going to the shop to relate his many maladies. When the workmen saw him approaching they would greet him with: "What is the trouble to-day, Mr. S——?" His reply would usually be, "Headache to-day." And so the merry laughter and jokes went on while these men of muscle labored continuously at their benches.

A very tall man, with a dusky skin and long-braided hair, occasionally came to the building. He was so very tall and straight we children would scamper when we first saw him, but when we learned his grandmother was a remnant of the Indian tribe in that locality we looked upon him with much interest. He braided round shapely baskets and made corn-husk mats and brought them there to sell

There were aged colored men that almost daily came from their homes to the shop. They were runaway slaves from the state of Delaware. Two of them are indelibly fixed in our memories. A major part of their existence in their latter days was due to our father's aid and benefactions. The names they were known by were "Old Blake" and "Blind Jacob Jackson." The latter, being almost sightless, was able to husk corn on the farm by being directed by my younger

adopted brother. He would use his cane in finding the shocks in the same manner that he traveled the highways, by clearing obstacles before him. He husked the corn to obtain a few bushels for making hominy, in which he was an adept, notwithstanding his blindness. He also made skewers from small pieces of wood he gathered at the woodpile, which he sold for a few pennies to the butcher. Old Blake did not know his exact age, but knew he was very old. His principal business was gathering old iron and bringing it to the shop to exchange for a few pennies, and when the monthly grist came from the mill he was usually there begging for the shorts, which were given him. He was not a prognosticator of the weather, but had been a close observer of the storms for many years, as they came in the springtime. He often told us children what birds we would see in the clear shining after the rain that had migrated from a southern clime; and we would find it invariably so. He called the storm by the name of the bird. Some of the storms were for the setting of berries, as strawberry or blackberry storms. Each storm had a special meaning for him regardless of the general good. If we made inquiries of these old men regarding their escape from slavery they would answer in a whisper for fear some one was near that would reveal their whereabouts to the spies or slave-catchers that were on the alert, recapturing the able-bodied persons that had escaped to the Jersey shore.

For many years before the Civil War there was known

to be what was called an underground railway system. It was a hidden way of travel, sustained by the opponents of slavery, for the fugitive to escape from bondage in the South to freedom in the North.

The British Parliament enacted a law in 1833 which provided for the abolition of slavery in all British colonies. It was known to the slave if he could reach the Canadian border he would be free from the shackles that bound him in the Southland; and that food, clothing and shelter would be given him by his abolition friends on the route.

There were several routes of this system through New Jersey in which they were conveyed to Jersey City and on to Canada. One of these routes began at Greenwich. The fugitive came by boat from Dover and other points from the Delaware shore; boats with colored lights—said to be yellow and blue—were manned with watchers, and the slaves exchanged to Greenwich boats and conveyed to the village; they were then forwarded to Swedesboro and Mt. Holly; thence to Burlington, and on to Jersey City.

Some of them were hidden for days in the colored settlement at Springtown, while some remained for life. Some of the active workers engaged on the Greenwich line have their names recorded in history. J. R. Sheppard, Thomas B. Sheppard, Levin Bond, Ezekiel Cooper, Nathaniel Murray, Algea and Julia Stanford. Algea's and Julia's home could be seen from the shop windows, and often have we seen the aged couple in their declining years, in the cool of the

summer evening, enjoying the liberty they had earnestly endeavored to give to their brothers and sisters in bondage. Algea was a man of splendid physique, and was a busy worker in the old tannery, which was another valued industry near the head of Greenwich. Its location was on the main street, near the home now owned by Joseph Opdyke. The tannery was the property of John and Evan Miller. The Stanfords were prominent colored people in Greenwich. The traveler of to-day can see a portion of the frame work and ruins of their habitation, where they lived and were actively engaged in their day and generation. They are remembered by some of the inhabitants. There was a strong anti-slavery spirit in Greenwich before the Civil War, especially among the Society of Friends, who were numerous among the citizens before the war. John Woolman, the Quaker preacher of Mount Holly, had long been denouncing the moral wrong of "Man's inhumanity to man" by traffic in man. He preached the brotherhood of man, regardless of his creed, his color, his race or tongue, and we must undo the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free, and that you break every yoke. He was sustained by the societies of Friends in South and West Jersey. He traveled throughout the Colonies and preached, supporting himself by tailoring. He spoke and wrote much against slavery, and it is said that all slaves were practically abolished among the Quakers in New Jersey as early as 1738. In the early records of deeds we find Indians, as well as negroes, were slaves in the State.

CHAPTER VI.

Another route of this underground railroad or hidden system started from Salem, N. J. This route was known by the slaves along the Chesapeake, they came to the Delaware River and thence to Salem. It was a favorite harbor for runaways, as they found many sympathizers there. There were very few slaves in Salem County, and a greater negro population in proportion to the number of inhabitants than other counties. It is said that when the slave catchers came to Salem to recapture their slaves, they were glad to escape with their lives. The principal workers who received the refugees were Elizabeth and Abigail Goodwin, Quakeresses. Abigail's sympathy was so very great for them she made many personal sacrifices in order to give them food and clothing. She was greatly aided by the Quakers in that section; sometimes much clothing was needed, for when they seized the opportunity to escape they sometimes came with very little clothing, and often barefoot. If they wore the cheap, yellow split leather shoe, which was provided for the slaves in the South, they were changed be-

fore they could be forwarded by stage or boat, and often ten or twelve came at a time. Miss Abigail Goodwin died November 2, 1867, aged 73 years. It was much harder for the slave to escape from bondage after the passage of the fugitive slave law in 1850. This law aided the slave hunter in so many ways that greater caution had to be taken by those that harbored them. The law provided fine and imprisonment to those who in any way prevented recapture, and bands were formed to watch and catch them by shiftless men, seeking reward. Mr. Alanson Work, originally from Hartford, Conn., with two assistants, liberated between 3,000 and 4,000 slaves in the West by the underground railway system, and afterward suffered long years of imprisonment in Missouri. His life and work fired the genius in his son's soul, Henry C. Work (who lived in Vineland, N. J., in the town's early history), to write those soul-stirring Civil War songs, which became so popular and thrilled the hearts of the American people. Every whistling boy caught the refrain of "Marching Through Georgia," and America's bands have never ceased to play the inspiring melody at patriotic gatherings. The words and music of 100 popular war songs were written and composed by Mr. Work. The spirit of sympathy for the enslaved race increased and broadened in its tidal flow until a quarter of a million of America's sons were sacrificed before this mark of infamy was eradicated from liberty's soil. When the cry of the oppressed was rending the hearts of the Northern people and the

Southern States were seceding from the Union, then came the call "To arms." Again did the sons of Greenwich leave the shop and mill, the spade and plow, and shoulder the musket for liberty's sake. They had seen the refugee hiding in the township. They had heard his woeful tale, and realized his awful dread of recapture, preferring death rather than return to slavery. They had seen the slave pursuer as he walked the great street, presuming to own his brother man, hunting for his hiding place in Greenwich Township. A deep sympathy overshadowed the town for the race in bondage, and the young men were ready to right the wrongs that were threatening to sever the union of States. The writer well remembers seeing the militia form and drill in the Presbyterian churchyard at the head of Greenwich under the command of Captain Josiah Ewing. When the martial strains of the fife and the beat of the drum were heard in the village we children would hasten to the corner store to see the soldiers preparing for war. A few steps from where the drilling took place, back of the historic church, rest the remains of some of those very soldiers. Then, across the street, in the old cemetery, rest more of the departed Civil War heroes, along with some of the tea burners and Revolutionary soldiers.

When the nation's Memorial Day is observed, in May, the Revolutionary and Civil War heroes are designated by the little tri-colored flag, and comrades scatter gar-

lands over the green hillocks of the known graves. They find the surgeon, officer and private in both wars in these grounds.

“Cover them over, yes! cover them over;
Parent and husband, brother and lover—
Crown in your hearts those dead heroes of ours—
Cover them over with beautiful flowers.”
“Ages to come will remember each grave;
Cost of our nation, so dear yet so free.”

CHAPTER VII.

There were two colored women who were slaves who came under the writer's personal knowledge. One of them, Maria Clark by name, escaped from slavery, came to Greenwich, and lived a number of years in a log cabin in Bacon's Neck, but ever lived in perpetual fear of recapture. Elisabeth Winrow made a successful escape from the South, but was recaptured on one of the Delaware River steamers by her master. Elisabeth was a young woman, of fine physique, and when found missing was speedily pursued. But when the songs of the emancipated echoed and re-echoed over hill and plain of America's greatest republic, the shackles that bound Elisabeth burst asunder and she realized the freedom that had been "long, long, long on the way," and she sang in her heart:

"No more auction block for me;
No more! no more!
No more driver's lash for me;
Many a thousand gone."

She came to Greenwich and lived and died in that vicinity; and the writer, with a friend, heard her relate the woeful tale of her recapture at one of the Greenwich W. C. T. U. meetings, at the home of Mrs. Beulah Ewing. Our tears mingled with Elisabeth's as we listened to the immoral and brutal treatment she received by her master and overseer after her recapture.

The old shop, after the outbreak of the Civil War, was one of the headquarters in Greenwich for war news. In those exciting times, wherever there was a gathering of men, it was the theme for discussion, sometimes proving to be very animated, almost reaching the war spirit, as some of the sympathizers with the South, or "Copperheads," as they were called, were usually there. Some of the aged colored men who had escaped from the lash of the overseer in past years to the Jersey shore were living in the twilight of their lives and beginning to see the dawn of freedom's morning for their race in the Southland. They would gladly have given their lives in the service. They would almost daily go to the shop to learn the progress of the war from Mr. Ayars, he being an old abolitionist, as he was called in the neighborhood. He was ever ready to communicate to them the latest intelligence from his daily papers, which were delivered him by the Greenwich stage. Some of these aged men may be remembered by some of the inhabitants:—John Thomas, Charles Bryant, Sr., and Charles Washington, Sr. Algea

Stanford's tall, manly presence was often there, whose strong arm bent to the oar in bringing the refugee across the waters of the bay in the darkness of the night. The writer at that time was a very small girl, but well remembers breaking up many of the war discussions by announcing at the shop door the dinner or supper hour.

Three of the workmen that had attained their majority answered their country's call by enlisting in the war. One of them wounded on the battlefield, then later dying with camp fever, found a Southern grave. Two of them returned when the cruel war was over. One of them still lives and gathers yearly with his comrades at the reunion of war veterans. He enlisted as a soldier in the ranks of the Christian army, under the banner of the Cross, when a very young man, having the assurance in his heart when returning from the war—as he was heard to remark—that he tried to perform every duty, whether it was firing every round on the battlefield, or whatsoever service he engaged in. The bullets, like the temptations, passed him by, and war left no stain on his personality or character. To-day his lowly walk among his fellowmen is as the path of the just which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.* He is the only one living who had reached manhood and was a busy worker in the shop at the outbreak of the Civil War. In the changing years that have marked the advancing steps of time in its onward march, shop and foundry, shed and lathe, lumber and debris, have all been removed

*James Harding, Company F, Twenty-fourth Regiment.

from the landscape, and not a shadow of a ruin can be seen along the highway where, fifty years ago, and many years previous, was that center of activity which supplied the need of farmer and villager in and about historic Greenwich. Proprietor and nearly all of the employed have passed out of earthly life, and only a few relics of a machine, wagon or plow are in existence; for the busy brain of man is ever inventing new and better machinery for the present need. The old passes away or is preserved as antiques. In the centuries to come there may be found fragments of iron in the soil, but not anything of definite shape like the arrowpoint, or spearhead, where a few may still be gathered, which reveals to us the existence of the tribe of the Siconesses, that owned the same ground. Their crude implements were made of material that has endured the cycles of centuries, while the works of civilized man perish with the using.

CHAPTER VIII.

The old church in Greenwich that celebrated its bicentennial in 1907, has waxed and waned in its influence upon the community like the phases of the moon; sometimes so prosperous that its light was like the full moon, drawing many to its pews to listen to the message from the ruling shepherd. In the writer's remembrance the church was most prosperous in the early 70's, under the pastorate of Rev. Henry E. Thomas. He was living in the South at the time of the Civil War. At the outbreak of the war was a sympathizer with the Southern people, but soon became one of the strongest of Union men, afterwards editing a paper in the interests of the Union. He experienced the bitterness and privations that the war brought upon the South. On account of his loyalty he was compelled to resign his pulpit; sometimes in the darkness of the night was obliged to take his family and flee to a boat on the river for safety. When battles were raging in the town where they resided they were compelled to retreat to the cellar, and dead men lying everywhere in the

street was the outlook from the home. He was a man with a physical infirmity, caused by a fall in infancy; but sometimes served as a picket in the army, his wife taking her life in her hands to carry him food while on duty. He was called to the Greenwich Presbyterian Church from Olney, Indiana, in 1871. At that period many well-to-do farmers in the country around attended the church, and every Sabbath morning the spacious grounds around the building were filled with conveyances, which to the stranger in attendance was a novel sight, for they knew not whence they came.

Mr. Thomas was a seer, a man of insight and of foresight; he looked down the ages to come and saw that mystical dogma and man-made creed must forever pass away, and the true religion of the future would be "love to God and love to man." On these two commandments, said the Christ, in teaching the Pharisees, hang all the law and the prophets. He saw the dawning of the millennium when the world accepted this religion. Love was his creed, the "love that suffereth long and is kind." He ever preached where love is enthroned, all the other principles of right are fulfilled beneath it, influenced and embodied in its monitions. Love is the root of creation—God's essence—therefore, love is the fulfilling of the law. Mr. Thomas was an untiring Sunday school worker. To him the Sunday school was the nursery of the church. The school was held before the morning service. He was the first to

go to the church on the early Sabbath morning to aid his co-workers there. He instituted a monthly teachers' meeting, which was usually held at the hospitable homes of the teachers. He held a weekly Bible Class at the parsonage for the benefit of the teachers and all others interested in Bible study. A Sabbath school anniversary was held in the autumn. A program of exercises was prepared by Mr. Thomas, consisting of selected passages of Scripture for each class to read, interspersed with appropriate music by the school. Besides solos and anthems by the choir, an address was given by an invited minister; the church was beautifully decorated by the deft fingers of the teachers and scholars. These occasions attained such a high reputation that, if the day was favorable, they were attended by a large concourse of people; all the seating and standing capacity taken, and sometimes thronged to the doors. During his pastorate the missionary society of the church did excellent work. A large box of clothing and useful articles were yearly sent to a minister out on the frontier, or some charitable institution, and the work is continued in the church until the present time. The parsonage, during his and his family's occupancy, was a typical home of Southern hospitality. Its doors were ever open to all the societies of the church and to every one who would share in their generosity. During his pastorate of eighteen years he was not only loved by the majority of his church, but the community

at large recognized his great efficiency and usefulness.

He resigned his Greenwich pastorate in 1889 and became pastor of the Greenway Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, where he labored faithfully for twelve years, until failing health caused his resignation. After an illness of more than two years, mostly confined to his bed, he "was made perfect through suffering," like the "captain of his salvation," and entered into rest. Mr. Thomas was born in New York City December 12, 1826, graduated at Hanover College, Indiana in 1849; died in Philadelphia January, 1905, aged 78 years.

The hospitality and brotherly love of the old families of Greenwich has been a marked characteristic of the place. These traits of character are particularly shown on extra occasions, such as moving day, the annual hog-killing, and the like.

The twenty-fifth of March is the yearly moving day in Greenwich, when a farmer or family change their residence in this vicinity, neighbors and friends take their teams and kindly assist one another; and at the new home a fine dinner is prepared, which is heartily enjoyed and makes the moving a social occasion. The early settlers of Greenwich considered the twenty-fifth day of March the first of the year, and the present inhabitants still cling to the old custom regarding moving day. Previous to the year 1752 the English held that the first of the year began the twenty-fifth of March, while the Scots, the first of Jan-

uary. This led to a system of double dating existing from the first of January to the twenty-fifth of March.

Near the entrance of the old Presbyterian Cemetery at the head of Greenwich, there is a low stone bearing this inscription:

Here
lyeth the Body
of JOSEPH MOORE
who departed this Life
January the 26th, 1747/8
aged 46 Years.

The double dating is in a form of a fraction. If you reckon from the new style, he died January 26, 1748, but if you reckon from the old style the beginning of the year the twenty-fifth of March, he died in the year 1747.

Farther back in the yard, where it is bordered by the stream, is another stone with the double dating:

In Memory of
THOMAS EWING
Who departed this life
The 28th of February
Anno Dom; 1747/8
Aged 52 years
of MARY his wife

Who died Decen 17, 1784

Aged 84 Years

She was the Daughter of

THOMAS MASKELL, Esq.

Who died Jany 2, 1732.

Among the farmers the annual hog-killing is made a social occasion; the friends and neighbors are invited to assist in the work. An elaborate dinner is prepared where is always served the chicken pot-pie and many tempting viands. In the rural districts, all through Salem and Cumberland Counties, there are large gatherings and much preparation is made. A cousin of the writer, living on a large farm, prepared as many as fifty mince pies for the occasion. When sickness or sorrow enters the home the milk of human kindness is largely manifested among the Greenwich people. When the solemn messenger of death enters a family and steals away the loved one the neighbors call and shed the sympathizing tear, and if lunch has to be prepared in the home for the relatives that go to the family from a distance, the neighbors gladly assist until the funeral obsequies are over. These customs have been handed down from generation to generation. Greenwich has been said to be an obscure town on the banks of the Cohansey. It was originally laid out for the county-seat, but many of its early settlers were Quakers, who loved their peaceful farms and rural scenes so well they would not sell their lands to

the manufacturer or any industry that would have increased its population; but its early intelligent settlers have born sons and daughters who have gone out into the wide, wide world and helped people other cities, and children's children are tracing their ancestry to old Greenwich, returning to look up their ancestors in the old cemeteries. On Greenwich soil has been born some of our country's statesmen, legislators, ministers, and a long line of physicians, some of them whose influence has been world-wide. Inventors, civil engineers, skilled mechanics, and machinists, have gone to other towns and cities where their usefulness has been great. Many seamen, born in Greenwich, have not only commanded their stately ships, through the crooked reaches of old Cohansey, but have sailed our country's great rivers, and carried freight from the "island of the seas" and ports of foreign lands. In the early history the only way of traveling was by horseback, or by water, so the young men, many of them, learned navigation and became sea captains and sailors.

When the old ferry across the Cohansey, from Greenwich, was in use, to convey people and traffic over to New England town, the following rates were given to be carried over said ferry in 1776. William Franklin was then Governor of the State, and George III was reigning over the Colonies. "A single person, two pence; for a horse and chair and their rider, one shilling; a man and a horse, four pence; for a wagon and two horses and their riders, one

shilling and six pence; for a loaded wagon and two horses, two shillings and six pence; cattle, per head, four pence; sheep or swine, per head, one penny. And that if any person or persons shall ferry or carry over any persons, goods or merchandise for hire at the ferry aforesaid without leave first had or obtained of the owner or person who may rent said ferry, he or they so offending shall forfeit the sum of ten shillings for every such offense to the person aggrieved, to be recorded by action of debt in any court of record where the ferry may be cognizable, with cost of suit."

Greenwich, with its water facilities, its early settlement of heroic and liberty-loving people, has more historic associations than any town in South Jersey.

When Dr. George B. Wood's employees were cleaning swamp land and excavating for cranberry beds on his land in Lower Greenwich, an Indian grave was found. Among the bones was a tomahawk, arrowheads and wampum. Dr. Wood had the skeleton and relics removed to higher ground and erected a small monument to mark the grave of this unknown chief. It can be seen on the train going in or out from the station—on the right going out.

After a lapse of one hundred and thirty-four years since the blaze of the fragrant tea lighted the old casement square of the village, a monument was erected to the memory of the tea burners. The personality of the actors has long ago faded into oblivion; but the deed has illumined the pages of

history and there has been a growing interest regarding them in the widening years. The unveiling of the granite memorial took place September 30, 1908. The day selected proved to be perfect, with the coolness and beauty of September. The glorious sun was shining in the high heavens with all its magnificent splendor, clothing the town in a garment of sunshine. The recent rains had freshened green sward and beauty of field and flower. The stately old sycamores, elms and evergreen cedars were looking their very best, while the waving willows at the head of Greenwich street, near where the old mill stood in the town's early history, retained the freshness of June as they stood in their picturesque beauty. The well-preserved Colonial and old houses which represent the historic past were prettily trimmed with flags and bunting. As we approached the old tavern the mica in the stone shone with unusual brilliancy in the sunlight. The tavern, the Gibbon house, Bond and Sheppard houses, and others, were standing when the conflagration of the tea took place. *The grandstand erected in the old Episcopal cemetery was gracefully decorated with freedom's starry banner, with no canopy but heaven's boundless blue, made a pleasing picture to the thronging multitude that gathered around to see and hear the distinguished speakers that occupied its rostrum. Among them was the chief executive of the State, Governor Fort, accompanied by his son and private secretary; ex-Governor Stokes, State Senator Minch, from Cumberland County, who presided

*The grand stand was gratuitously decorated by Clayton McPherson, of Bridgeton.

over the unveiling ceremonies; Prof. Warren Sheppard, whose efforts lead to the erection of the monument. Mrs. Adelaide Sterling, regent of the New Jersey Society, Daughters of the Revolution; Mrs. Robert Ward, a former regent and present vice-president-general of the order, by whom the monument was unveiled. Gathered around these distinguished personages were State Senators Avis, Brown, Plummer and Harrison; Assemblymen Buck, Potter, Kinney and others from the House of Representatives. Daughters of the Revolution, the clergy, Mr. Eli E. Rogers and lady members of the Tea Burning Commission, and descendants of tea burners. Two of the daughters of Greenwich, Mrs. Sarah Hancock and Miss Hannah Fithian, were dressed in costume worn in Revolutionary days. Two poems were read, written for the unveiling ceremonies, by Rev. Wainwright and Mrs. Charles Watson. The chief marshal of the parade was Samuel P. Fithian, a nonogenarian of Greenwich, who is a direct descendant of Joel Fithian, one of the tea burners.

Bridgeton, the business centre of Cumberland County, whose old families trace their ancestry to Greenwich and New England town, manifested the greatest interest in the deed of those old Cumberland patriots of the long ago. This beautiful and prosperous city gave a general holiday, and sent its bands, militia and many of its prominent societies to participate in the ceremonies. They also gave a frequent train service which conveyed thousands to the old mother

town. The sons and daughters of Greenwich came home from afar to honor the occasion with their presence and fully 8,000 people were in attendance.

To-day, in Rome, stands the statue of Giordano Bruno, on the very ground where stood the old Inquisition, where he was confined and tortured for two years and then taken out and burned at the stake in 1600 for liberty of thought.

To-day, in Greenwich, stands this beautiful monument that the present and future generations may know of the tyrant wrong the tea burners were hurling back from the people's liberty.

In the present age peace societies have been organized with brightest ideals, aiming to settle all disputes and troubles that may arise between nations by international arbitration. "So that nation shall not lift up sword against nation, nor shall they learn war any more." The echoes of that glorious song of old is ringing world-wide that came by night to the listening shepherds on fair Judea's plains, "Peace on earth, good will to men." That angel song that heralded the advent of the Prince of Peace, of whom it is said of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end; for His righteous teachings when applied brings "peace between man and man." "For the work of righteousness is peace, quietness and assurance forever."

Cohansey.

Like a dream within a dream
Comes the memory of a stream
Gliding like a gilded thought
Through its marsh meads, and caught
Like a tired child after play,
To the bosom of the bay.
Backward from its reedy shores
Rows of ancient sycamores
Mix their boughs and interlace
In a slumbrous, fond embrace
Where the one wide street runs down
To the wharf at Greenwich town.
There on many a sunny morn,
Wagons heaped with wheat and corn
And the fruit of lowland farms,
Halt, while sunburnt, brawny arms
Bear their burdens from the pier
To the steamer lying near.
When a deeper silence falls
On the village and the calls
Of the robin and the thrush
Louder thrill through Sabbath's hush
In the green and shadowy street

Placid Quaker couples meet ;
Ancient farmers with their dames ;
Maidens with quaint, pleasing names ;
Pallid cheek and cheek of rose,
Smooth alike in calm repose ;
Tresses braided shyly down
Over eyes of clearest brown ;
Broad-brimmed hats and bonnets gray,
'Neath the branches wend their way
Toward the meeting house that stands
Overlooking fertile lands.
Many a sail of sunlit snow,
Birdlike, journeying to and fro,
Speeds its precious cargo through
The far-distant shimmering blue.
And the low clouds lazily
Drifting eastward toward the sea,
Float in floods of amber light,
Till, slow fading from the sight,
They dissolve and disappear
In the golden atmosphere.
When at night the beacons glow,
Over tides that ebb and flow,
Over shoals of silver sand,
By the salt sea breezes fanned,
Pinning fast her sable gown
With a star above the town,

Darkness hovers—here and there,
Lighted by a casement square.
Sleeps the village with its green
Turned to blackness ; and between,
Where the feeble starlight flings
Shadows of phantasmal things,
Winds the roadway fair and wide,
With its path on either side.
On the wharf I sit and dream
While the stars throw many a beam—
Make a soft and silver streak
On the stillness of the creek ;
And a vessel, through the haze
Of the old colonial days,
Like a spectre seems to ride
On the inward flowing tide ;
Like a phantom it appears
Faintly through the hundred years
That have vanished since its sails
Braved the fierce Atlantic gales.
Are they risen from the graves ?
Those dark figures, clad as braves,
Of the dusky tribal hosts
That of old possessed these coasts ?
Swift they glide from 'neath the trees,
The ill-fated stores to seize.
Noiselessly, with whispered jests,

High they heap the fragrant chests,
'Round the gnarled trunk that still
Lifts its limbs on yonder hill ;
And, at once a ruddy blaze
Skyward leaps and madly plays,
Snapping, crackling o'er the pyre,
Till, with patriotic fire,
All that costly cargo, doomed,
Unto ashes is consumed !
Back the ship drifts through the haze,
And the figures with the blaze
Fade and vanish from the sight
As the moon swells clear and bright.
First a slender silver line,
Then Diana's bow divine,
Quarter, half, three-quarters, till
All the heaven seems to fill.
As the orb's full-rounded girth
Like a bubble fills the earth ;
Lo ! the lamps, by twos and three,
Fade among the village trees—
From the narrow casement fade,
Till no mortal beams invade
With their keen and curious light
The unconquered realms of night.

C. H. L.

—From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES